

Wolves

by cdbvsw

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Summary: I can hear them scream at night. A half-drabble about a sleepless night.

Wolves

I can hear them scream at night.

Their sorrowful howls echo through the hollow darkness, encasing everything they touch in horror and dread. It creeps around all of the corners of this drafty house, making nothing feel safe. It's a terrible noise, full with emotions that no one should have to experience, emotions a nine year old shouldn't know about.

I know anyway.

I feel them anyway.

I can hear them sob at night, calling for food, shelter, \_anything \_to ease the emptiness in their chests. I would know. I have emptiness too, even if my life has just begun. It gnaws at you, never going away, a painful reminder that something is missing, that something is always missing, and that it probably will always \_be \_missing. A lost toy, maybe? No, it isn't that simple. Perhaps you are just very hungry? No, the last time you ate was just a few hours ago. Are you fighting with a friend? You have to have friends to fight with them. How about it's just a phase? Nothing a good fire can solve. But it's not that easy to satisfy. It never is.

I see them anyway, even though my eyes cannot. I can see myself like that, being attacked by a different kind of monster, a different kind of evil. In my soft, warm bed, where I hope (\_but never, never know) \_no one that wishes to do harm to me can touch me; I lie, cocooned by blankets, yet their screams, their scream still chill my blood. I lie, staring at my dark ceiling, as I hear them. They exit the woods and start to run. I hear their feet pound against the ground. I hear

the sentinels patrolling call the guard. I hear the first cry of pain, as sharp teeth rip into flesh; I hear as the strong weapons bite back, making sure that their comrades do not die in vain. We're all monsters, in the end.

I am like them. I am misunderstood, an awkward little Hiccup that shouldn't of happened. I am lonely, the only black swan in a pond of white. I am empty, missing something very important, that I might not ever find. But if I ever voice my concerns, I know nothing will change.

It never does.

As I hear the violence begin, I close my eyes, hoping to block the sound out.

It never works.

I hear, but I cannot act. I never can.

I never try.

End  
file.